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# ONTARIO FISH AND WILDLIFE REVIEW

Volume 3, No. 3

Fall, 1964



DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

HON. A. KELSO ROBERTS, Q.C., MINISTER

F.A. MACDOUGALL, DEPUTY MINISTER



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## THE COVER

"If Winter comes, spring *can* be far behind." This fine action shot by Carman Douglas shows a white-tailed deer in good physical condition. For many deer, however, winter is a critical time beset with deep snows and a failing browse supply (see report by Carman Douglas in this issue).

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We are continually amazed that hunters, both individuals as well as organizations of hunters, continue to allow themselves to be maligned by the non-hunting public, the press and their fellow hunters when it comes to vandalism. Hunters are hunters and vandals are vandals, and seldom the twain shall meet.

When a man is hunting he is not doing "wilful damage that creates an expenditure" or "wilful malicious damage"; nor is he "defacing public or private property in a manner which spoils the appearance" or "is offensive to the common public". When he is hunting, he is preoccupied with an interesting, healthful and exciting recreation, and his wilful purpose is to apply his knowledge, senses and abilities to it.

A hunter is a hunter when afield. He is physically active covering the territory, climbing hills, stepping over logs and rocks, pushing through brush or hurdling fences. His eyes are on the cover, scanning the fencerow—or the horizon, watching his direction—or looking for game food or shelter or watching for tracks, animal runways, signs of feeding or animal droppings. His ears are tuned in to hear the almost imperceptible sounds of his quarry: the squeaks, rustles of leaves, pawing, snorts or cackles that mean "heads up"!

His nostrils do not twitch like his dog's, but he is always aware of the aromas of the field and forest, and he often imbibes the sweet perfumes of the out-of-doors. Throw a dog in for good measure, and a hunter has all he can handle.

No hunter is going to shoot at a sign, a wire insulator, a cow, a horse or car when he is that busy. Why waste a shot? Why startle the game?

We don't say that there are not vandals who own guns. They own pencils, knives and cars, too, and most can throw stones. Vandals are found in cities, towns and villages and on farms. They break windows, paint on signs, tear down posters and write dirty words on toilet-house walls. In public parks, they like to deface signs on nature trails and hack up picnic benches or young trees.

When a man with a gun shoots a cow, he isn't a hunter, he's a rustler, especially if he steals it too. How many cows reported "killed by hunters" are really shot in retaliation for something the owner has done?

Breaking down fences is blamed on hunters; some of the critics have never heard of rust or rotted-out posts. One also gets the impression that all hunters carry wire cutters to make fence-climbing easy for both man and dog. Conservation officers check many thousands of hunters in a year, and we cannot substantiate this impression.

Let us not make saints of the whole hunting fraternity, though. There are a few malicious, careless, thoughtless and rebellious hunters who do wilful damage to public and private property just the same as there are such people who never owned a gun.

Let us stop indicting "hunters" by inference. Let us stop campaigns which tell hunters not to do damage. Such pleadings are not heeded by the vandalous few whom they are aimed at, and they connect "hunters" with "vandals" in the public mind. Hunters themselves often perpetuate this connection by joining in these pleading refrains.

Let's call a spade—a spade; a vandal—a vandal; a rustler—a rustler; and a sign shooter—an immature person. A hunter is a hunter.

# THE PROGRAM TO MANAGE DEER IS UNDERWAY

by Carman Douglas

*Fish and Wildlife Supervisor, Parry Sound Forest District*

This is the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the white man's first visit to the Georgian Bay area. Samuel de Champlain and his group were treated to a rather different view than those of us who have followed him. In 1614 and for many a year thereafter, the Georgian Bay shores and the back country comprised an unbroken, mature pine and hemlock forest, with a bit of hardwood.

The floor of such a forest is, at first glance, rather attractive, but a careful look shows it to be rather an unproductive place from a hunter's point of view—especially a deer hunter's point of view. The floor of the mature forest, open only rarely to full sunlight, was covered with lichen. Lichen is a prime food of caribou, and caribou were common here.

Beaver were abundant throughout the country and so were the swamps which their dams created. Beaver swamps formed excellent moose habitat, and moose were common here.

But the white-tailed deer is a brush dweller. Brush in any extent was not to be found in the mature forest. Without brush, a primary food, the deer could not survive and so did not form part of the native fauna. During the early years, the deer were restricted to the southern areas of our Province where the forest was more open and, in its early stages of hardwood succession, provided the brush upon which deer subsist.

The picture changed with the arrival of the white man. First came an increasing exploitation in furs and, as communities in less remote areas began to flourish, their sons cast about

for other forms of frontier exploitation which would leave a more lasting mark on the face of the land and its native creatures.

This eventually brought the logger; to him, the mature coniferous forests represented fortune. There it stood in uncounted square miles practically for the taking, and with no questions asked as to the method and little thought given to the future. Eventually, via the Ottawa, the Mattawa, Nipissing and the Georgian Bay tributaries, the loggers spread throughout this area and beyond. Behind them, in the place of the mature forest, were vast expanses of hardwood brush—and with it came the deer.

With the loggers and their camps and engines came the fires. What escaped the axe often felt a lesser fate—fire. Always the result was the same—hardwood brush.

Following the loggers came a slightly more permanent man, the settler, who sought to wrest from the uncompromising ground a home for his family. In many areas, we still find the evidence of his frustrations—an old stone fence, an old foundation, all grown over now. Often, his methods were hard; to him, the remaining trees were an enemy to be conquered by the quickest means—often fire. Much of the soil, however, was too thin, too sandy and too barren for agriculture—witness Distress River and Desolation Lake, names given by those who discovered too late that their efforts were in vain.

In the main, this land was not for the agrarian and, like the big-time, tall-timber logger, the settler soon





*Newly cut feed strip in deer yard with hemlock shelter on right and closed-canopy hardwood on left; high quality trees left standing. Photo by Carman Douglas.*

withdrew to areas more acceptable to his calling. These men left but their mark remained. What was their mark?

In place of a mature forest with a lichen floor, we now had a young hardwood forest with a brush-covered floor, interspersed here and there with stands of evergreen. Man had done his best to alter what was given him and many question his sagacity, but, although he did it unintentionally—so many of man's good works, it seems, are unintentional—he did create a land of brush—a land of deer.

It took man more than two hundred years to consummate this deed. Perhaps we might wonder whether or not Champlain would like what his successors

have done. But, no matter, to 25,000 hunters each year, this Forest District is the place to come to hunt for deer. People nowadays have come to like the present stage of forest succession and the game it supports. We now have a habitat which continually strives to return to its former state, and this we must prevent to keep our deer.

Fires, through better public awareness of values, better detection and better suppression methods, are no longer present on a grandiose scale. Much of the hardwood has been cut through and, sometimes, what is left does not find a ready market. In records I have checked, there are places where now less than one per cent is cut than



*Cutting for regeneration of deer browse. Photo by John Macfie.*

was cut annually only a quarter century ago. Those who seek their livelihood via the product of the forest must turn to lesser species. What does all this mean?

Without large-scale cutting or fires,

the forest canopy closed; there is no longer sufficient sunlight to promote new brush, new deer browse; and, in a decade, the saplings have grown beyond the reach of deer. When the logger turns to lesser evergreens, he cuts





*First year regeneration of red maple, browsed by deer. Photo by John Macfie.*

hemlock and cedar—prime winter deer shelter.

Now, we find ourselves with an ever-increasing group of hunters who seek each year for a week or two to escape time-clock routine and return

to man's early quest (now sport) the hunting of deer.

With logging reduced and fires reduced and winter shelter threatened, we can no longer sit back and accept as fact the by-product of man's old forest

activities. If we are to continue to have abundant deer, we must be very positive in our approach—create browse, especially adjacent to winter shelter areas, and preserve those shelter areas.

The efficient and economical approach to the management of winter deer yards is deeply involved. First, we must locate and accurately map the shelter areas. This is done by aerial surveys, and has been completed here although it must be continually updated as the forest stages advance. Next, ground surveys are required. Is there adequate shelter? Is there sufficient browse for now? Is this on Crown land or is it private? Is this under timber licence or is it open?

If the browse is less than adequate and the trees next the shelter area are unmerchantable, then cut them or girdle them. Let the light in and bring back the brush. Within ten years, the growth to be created will be beyond the reach of deer. If the trees are merchantable, arrange for a logger to remove them and, at the same time, create the browse we want. If only part of this stand is merchantable, arrange for an operator to fell the cull while he removes the good, or do it ourselves.

If shelter, an ever-scarcer item, is threatened, arrange for the preservation of these areas by restricting the cut—perhaps even arrange for its enhancement through selective cutting to improve the growth of younger trees.

To those not intimately associated with this work, perhaps an operation which can be briefly outlined in a few paragraphs would seem an easy thing to achieve. To him who thinks thus, I would like to show a map of our District and its deer yards. There are literally hundreds of such areas

requiring attention. Some are small, only a few acres; others cover several square miles. All are important; all must be managed. This, then, is our objective.

We must have as our goal the state wherein every winter deer yard is managed in such a fashion that its shelter is preserved and its browse areas kept in continuous production. With that accomplished, we can rest assured that our deer herd will continue to thrive in spite of a severe winter which may, at any time, descend to decimate the herd which finds itself short of shelter and abundant food. Such a winter as this came in 1958-59 when a total snowfall of 213.3 inches was recorded at Parry Sound. This compares with a long-term (since 1874) average annual fall of 118 inches.

This followed a thirteen-year period of below-average snowfall. During those years, on the heels of a post-war spurt in logging, the deer herd was building up away beyond the capacity of the winter yards to support them during severe conditions. Those severe conditions came that winter and the spring saw as much as forty per cent of the deer dead in many of the yards. Those which survived came out of it in poor condition. Many does were barren or, if they bore their fawns, these poor things were likely unable to rise for their first meal; or, if they finally did stand, it is doubtful that the meal was there for them, at least in adequate amount.

So perished our large deer herd and its immediate progeny. This we found in winter and spring surveys and in age-class studies at our check stations.

The next winter was not much more merciful.

The deer herd is now returning to better numbers. Only recently has what we've known for a long while



*Hundreds of deer yards. Some are small; others cover several square miles.*

been put into practice. The hard winter was a hard teacher but it did provide the necessary impetus to permit us to begin on the long road to proper deer management.

We could go on to discuss the many stories thrown at us of wolves so thick that (the stories went), anyone could get rich, surely, on the bounty monies—but no one got rich. Many, too, were the cries of over-hunting, but those who cried hadn't seen the deer lying starved, curled up

at the base of a tree, and they didn't hear or wouldn't listen when we showed that the fawns were absent from aging data after hard winters.

In spite of all the cries, the deer are coming back and the program to manage deer is underway. Many of us will be grandfathers long before this program is complete in every detail, but a good start has been made. Let us hope that the winter of '58-59 will never be forgotten. For deer, when winter comes, spring *can* be far behind.



# **SOME DIFFERENCES IN AGES OF MOOSE SHOT IN HEAVILY HUNTED AND LIGHTLY HUNTED AREAS**

*by D.W. Simkin  
Biologist, Research Branch, Maple  
(Photos by T. Jenkins)*

Each year where there is an open season for moose, district staffs collect moose jaws from animals killed by hunters. These jaws are aged by examining the amount of wear on the cheek teeth to determine the relative ages of the animals in the kill. Usually, under conditions of heavy hunting pressure, the age-class (wear-class) distributions are believed to be representative of the age structure of the herd. In order to use such data, the following assumptions must be made:

(a) Moose of all ages (wear-classes) are equally vulnerable to hunters or vary in vulnerability by some known factor.

(b) There is no hunter selection for animals of a certain age group.

A big game checking station has been in operation every year since 1957 on the Red Lake Highway. Here, moose killed in Sioux Lookout and Kenora Districts are examined and aged. Usually, this station is manned during the first two weeks of October when most of the moose hunting pressure is expended and most of the kill is made. Data collected and analyzed by the same personnel at this station in the five seasons, 1957 to 1961, are included in Figure 1.

It is apparent that the distributions are the same each year. This was proved by doing a statistical test on the data. There are many young animals killed and progressively fewer in the older age classes—a condition we would expect in any animal population.

In 1963, the use of aircraft for

spotting moose was permitted in a large area of the range (north of our checking station) which was very lightly hunted previously due to its inaccessibility. Many early-season hunters took advantage of this change in regulations and flew to almost virgin territory to hunt.

We suspected that there might be a difference in the amount of hunter selection or availability of moose between the areas accessible by road or water and the areas accessible only by aircraft. Consequently, all moose passing through our checking station were classified as either "accessible" (i.e., shot in areas accessible by roads or waterways which in turn could be reached by roads) or "inaccessible" (i.e., where the only means of access was by aircraft). The data collected at the checking station are shown in Figure 2.

Now, the information in Figures 1 and 2 can be compared. The collection for 1963 is different from the 1957-61 information in that it shows many more older animals. However, when the 1963 collection was divided into animals from accessible and inaccessible areas, it became apparent that there were large differences between the age structure of the two groups. The wear-class distribution from the accessible area resembles closely the distributions for the years 1957-61, while the wear-class distribution of the inaccessible area is very different. Instead of there being a trend from many young animals to progressively fewer older animals, we



*A Conservation Officer determines age of moose (about 18 months) from lower jaw.*



*Red Lake Road checking station in Sioux Lookout Forest District.*





*Hunters with 600-pound (dressed weight) yearling moose on Red Lake Road.*

found that there were more animals in wear-class V (animals  $5\frac{1}{2}$  and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  years old) than there were in wear-class I (animals  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years old). In the accessible areas, only 24 per cent of the moose aged were in the  $5\frac{1}{2}$  year old and older group; in the inaccessible area, 59 per cent were in this older group.

The two main reasons for the differences between age-class distributions of moose killed in accessible and inaccessible areas can be attribut-

ed to hunting pressure and hunter selection. There are more hunters per unit of area in accessible areas; consequently, hunters are more inclined to shoot the first moose which they encounter. (This means that our age-class distributions from the accessible areas closely represent the true distribution in the living population.) On the other hand, hunting pressure is greatly reduced in the areas accessible only by aircraft. Many of the "fly-in" hunters had spent extra money for



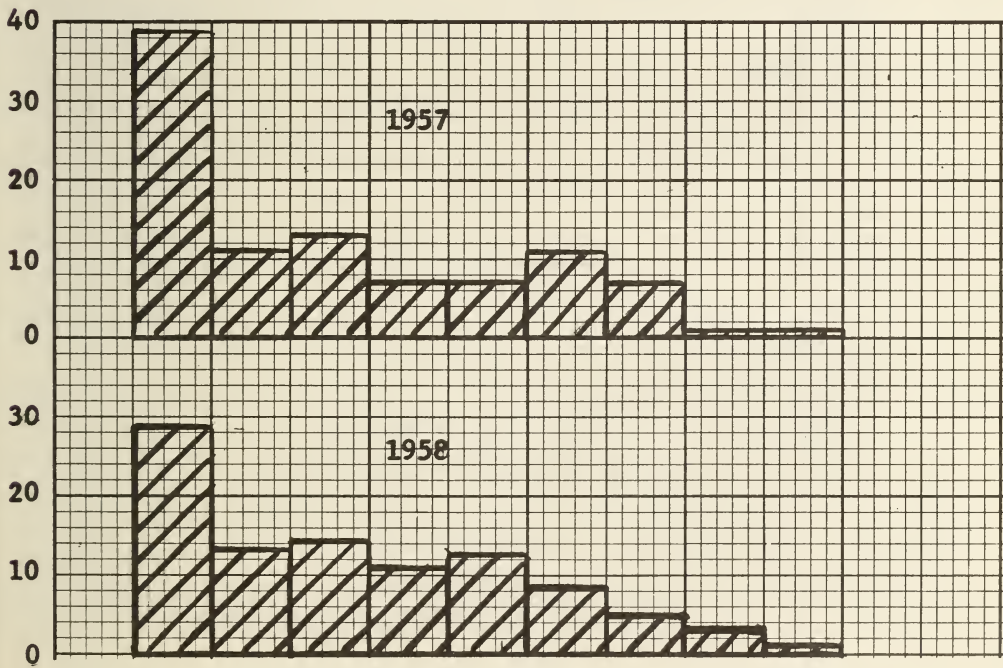
flying service to have a better chance of shooting a trophy bull. Because there is a minimum of competition for the available moose, a hunter in this area is much more likely to pass up a shot at a young animal.

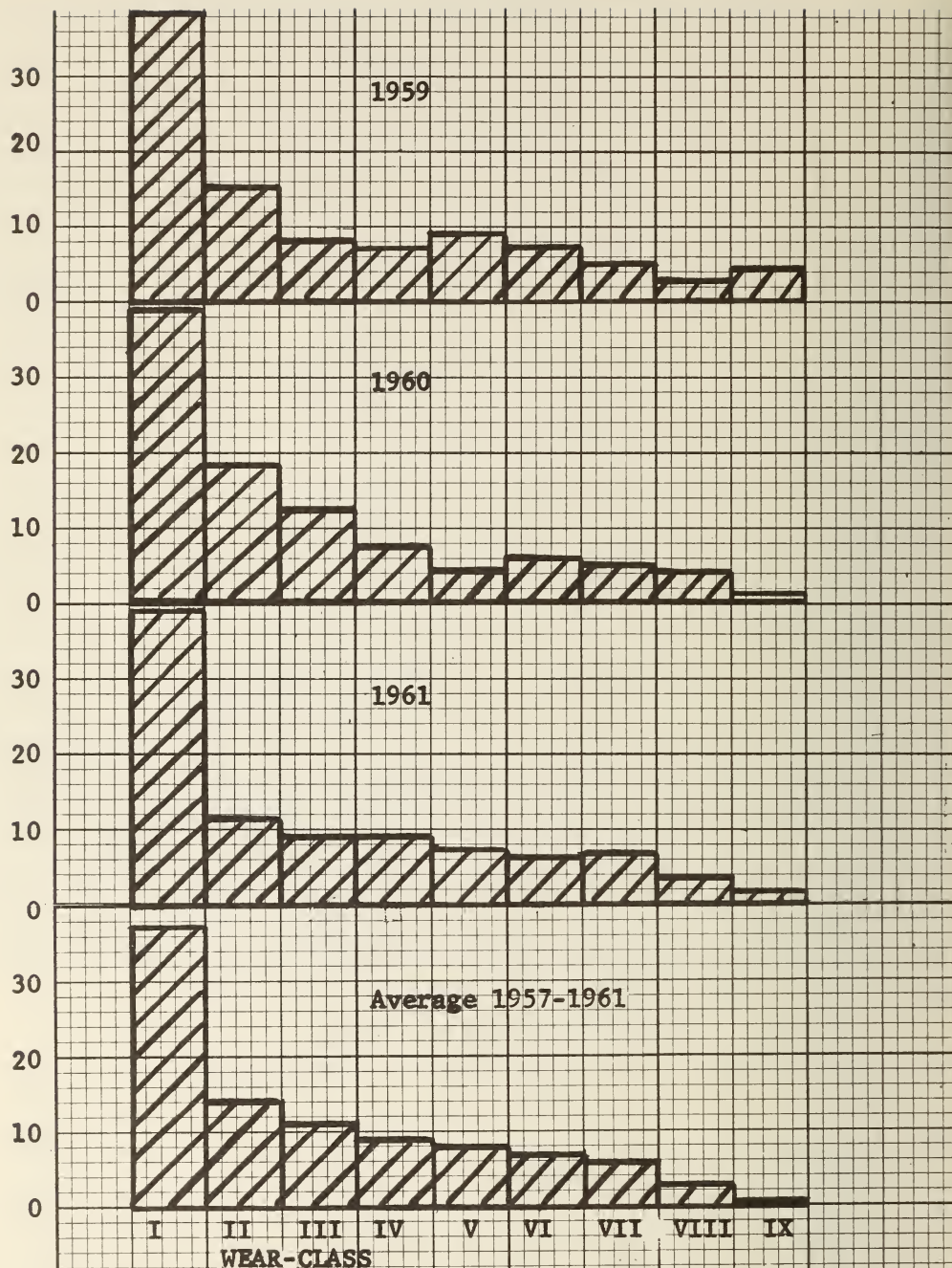
Another factor which likely contributes to the disparity in the age-class distributions is a difference in the rate of reproduction of moose in the two areas.

A recent study of reproduction in the accessible moose population has shown that about 25 per cent of the adult cows produce twins and that up to 35 per cent of the yearling cows are in breeding condition. In this heavily hunted area where there is more food available, the rate of reproduction is likely to be higher than in the very lightly hunted areas. As an example, during four summers of field-work in one

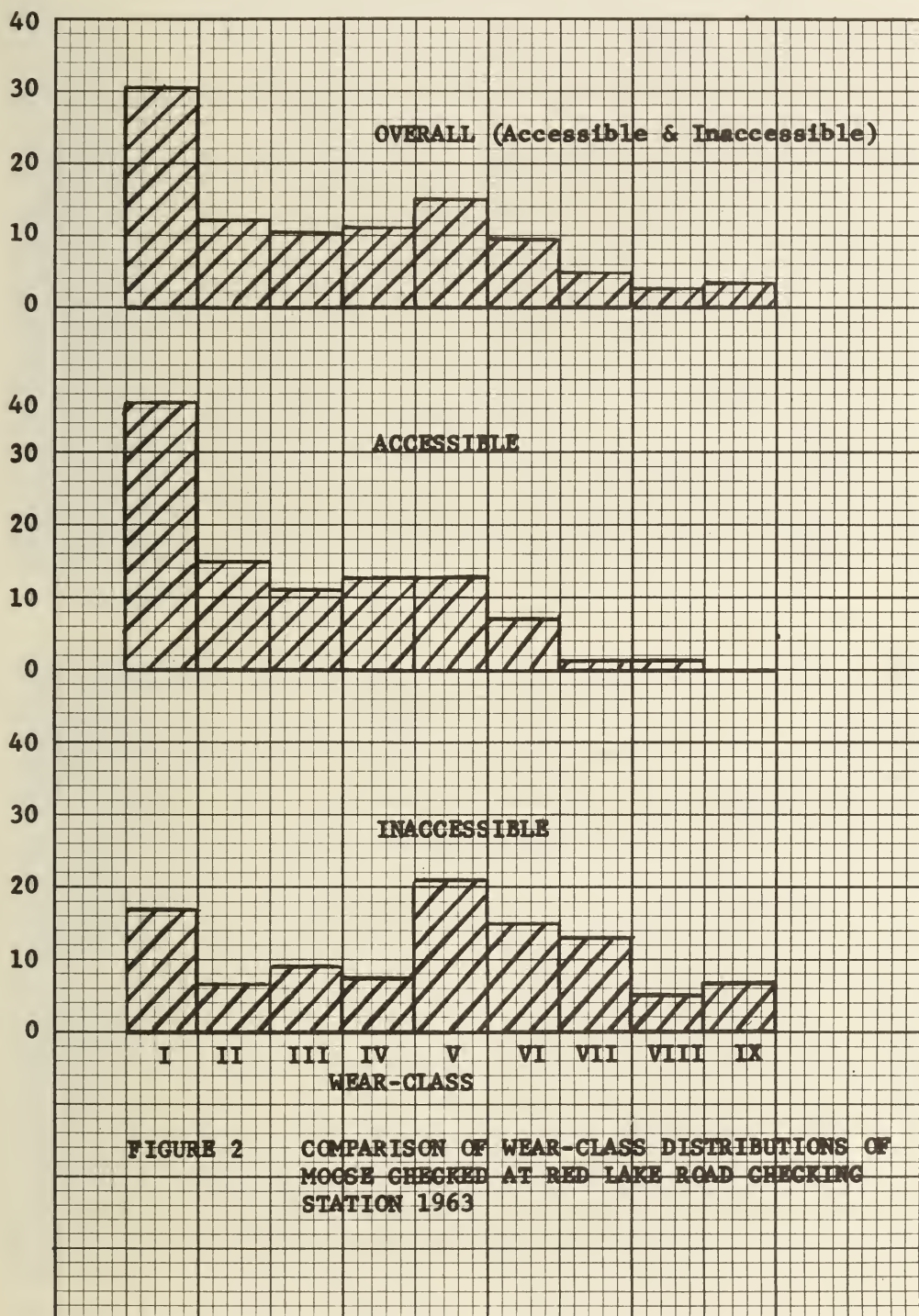
of the inaccessible areas, over 100 cow-with-calf observations were made. Only one of these cows was accompanied by two calves while the rest had only a single calf. At the same time, we doubt that any yearlings are breeding in this part of the range. Because fewer calves are produced in the area accessible only by aircraft, the average age of the animals is undoubtedly higher than in the accessible areas.

The data show that there are great differences between the age-class distributions of moose killed by hunters in the accessible areas and in the "fly-in" areas. The probability of getting an older animal (and, hence, a larger set of antlers or a greater quantity of meat) are, therefore, greater in the "fly-in" area. Finally, the moose herd in the accessible area is a more productive one which can withstand a heavier rate of harvesting.





**FIGURE I WEAR-CLASS DISTRIBUTIONS OF MOOSE AGED 1957-1961 (EXPRESSED AS PER CENT)**





## THE DEER HUNT

### (From a Conservation Officer's Viewpoint)

by Wm. W. Bittle

*Assistant Senior Conservation Officer, Tweed Forest District*

Conditions look right! The weather is perfect and everyone is singing the praises of the Department. We have hit it right for another opening—but it doesn't last. The conditions, the weather and the praise end abruptly.

It all started on the Saturday preceding opening day (if deer hunting may be said to start or end anywhere).

There is a steady rumble of vehicles, mostly from the west and the south. Trucks, jeeps and automobiles swing onto roads heading north — some hauling trailers and trailer cabins — with everything packed to the roof with gear. On they come all day. They fan out on bush roads, stop off at farm houses or push back into camps.

Some thrust on by tractors and horses and some on foot with heavy pack-sacks. And there are always those who have to go the last few miles by boat. Spirits are high (and in plentiful supply). The weather is favourable — cool with a light skiff of snow covering the ground.

On Sunday, the air has that chill about it that makes a person want to be outdoors. Looking down from the patrol aircraft, the numerous occupied camps can be counted by puffs of smoke coming from stove-pipes protruding through roofs or tent openings. And on they come — like slow moving ants through trails on the forest floor.

Men stop their labour of stock-piling wood to wave at the plane as it passes low overhead. There are groups of men pushing and tugging at a truck axle deep in a beaver flooded bush trail. They wave — or are they shaking a fist?

Some men are out marking fresh blazes and checking runways. One gang is out to wish its neighbours well. Others are squabbling over the presence of a tent pitched on their favourite watch. But for the majority, it's a relief to know that they have made good their escape. Fire-water is passed from one to another; the temperature rises sharply from a low of 25°; the forest is viewed in technicolour.

Good resolutions about an early night are forgotten. This evening is one long to be remembered .... and a hard one to get over. Getting to sleep is an accomplishment.

Long before daylight, the clamour of camp life begins. Crawling out of a sleeping bag into a cold, smoke-filled cabin is a much worse ordeal than going to bed. Taking abuse from the cook, looking for lost socks and cussing the person whose foot was surely in your mouth all night are all part of the test.

At last, everything is set. The men are anxious to be off and the dogs are straining on their leashes. There is a confusion of movement; some (they really rough it) go by jeep; others trudge along on foot. Who's to stay on what watch? Get going; the dogs will soon be let loose. Who's on my watch? Whose property do you think this is? (We are all sportsmen until someone or something interferes with our sport.)

But the morning is perfect and just when it's getting light enough to see, and at a time when you're sure



*Silhouette: Deer hunters on morning watch. Photo by R. Muckleston.*



*Success: Hanging the deer after the hunt. Photo by Fred Richardson.*

the marrow in your bones is turning to ice and you've sworn off smoking and drinking — a dog gives tongue in the distance. The thumping you hear is your heart, and the blood runs warm again. The hunt is on!

A shot! He must have got 'im. Another shot. No, he missed. Another, oh what the heck — and you sit down to watch and listen. A squirrel skitters across some dry leaves and your heart -----remember what the Doc. said about excitement! Who's excited!

By lunch time, the gang gets together to count misses and to tell tales. "Did you see that woman wearing the fawn jacket! She was standing on a watch and she was about seven months pregnant."

After lunch, there is the first hint of dissention. It's getting warmer and the snow is disappearing. Someone has goofed!

A new area is selected to try the dogs (the dogs that are left, that is). Someone else is on your watch so you move in a hundred yards to outfox those d--- day hunters. Dogs are giving tongue all over the place and the deer aren't playing cricket. They aren't sticking to their run-ways like they used to. The season's too darn early.

Back at camp, the excuses and the never ending stories begin. A man missed a standing buck at a hundred yards; his bullet hit a twig three feet from the end of his gun. A forest ranger meets a biologist and tells him of a dog he found on the trail. "He (the dog) was so cold and shivering that I felt sorry for him and poured him a hot drink from my thermos. Then, in appreciation, he stood on his hind feet and licked my face. But in this position, he wet on me. Now what's the explanation for that?" The biologist replied in a knowing voice, "Perhaps the hot drink thawed its pipes!"

One hunter takes a shot at a deer about a hundred yards off his watch. It disappears and he figures he has missed. Actually he was afraid to investigate for fear of getting lost. A conservation officer checked the next day and, sure enough, there lay the deer in some brush a short distance from where it had been hit. Luckily, they were able to salvage most of the meat.

At another camp, the gang is just about to go out in search of a lost member. The sun is fast disappearing so we join in. He is soon found, however, at his watch. "Why didn't you come in?" asked the camp boss. "I was told to stay here until I was picked up", came the reply. "And besides, I don't know where the camp is".

After supper, there is another movement afoot — to search for lost dogs and to find out how other gangs are making out.

On Tuesday, all traces of snow have disappeared. As the day grows on, the ground dries out and the temperature rises to 58° and men doze in the mid-day sun. This is the life.

At night, there is more concern about the hunt. The forecast is for rain, and there aren't too many deer hanging on the poles. We enter a camp and are greeted with, "What's wrong with you fellows? Why can't we have a later season. It's too warm! And what are you doing about those wolves?"

The rains come, and the grumbling gets worse. Everyone who is out in the woods on Wednesday morning gets soaked by ten o'clock. Few hunters are out from that time on. Some parties take a chase in the early morning and then call *it* a day and call *us* something else.

However, the odd gang persists. One such group uses three small





*Conservation Officers weigh deer at checking station. Photo by R. Muckleston.*

spaniels and a three-legged hound. Their chases are very short and the deer never far ahead of the dogs. No sooner does one chase end than another gets started. Their concern is to keep deer from crossing the "Mesh", or following up the "Crick"; or whether they should put on their "Tin" underwear to-morrow or wear the "Tick" suit again.

A break comes in the weather on Saturday, but for most the hunt is over! The retreat is on. For those who had trouble going in, it is a nightmare getting out. Water overflows the "crick" bottoms, and oh, the mud!

Vehicles pull up at deer checking stations set up at strategic points along the way so that the hunter success rate can be calculated and the deer

aged for statistical purposes. "What deer?!! Oh, we saw lots of deer but no one could hit 'em. Say, what's your Department doing, releasing those crazy cats in our country (the introduction of lynx in 1960). Did you ever see so many does? We should put a stop to killing does! Our gang got all bucks; there won't be enough to go around next year. Fawns, fawns!..... that's all we got. We should protect the fawns; poor little fellows, it's a shame to kill them." But they did.

Oh, there are lots of complaints, but there are bright moments as well — as one joyous party with a peg-legged dog called "Chester" remarked. "What a glorious hunt that was; we played at night and slept by day! See you next year."





# PINK SALMON IN ONTARIO

by J.K. Reynolds  
Supervisor, Fisheries Section

When anglers caught two pink salmon (*Onchorynchus gorbusha*) in two Minnesota streams leading into Lake Superior in 1959, fishery biologists were both amazed and sceptical. It was hard to believe that this species of salmon could live to maturity in fresh water. Those biologists who had studied it most closely had come to believe that the pink salmon was most unlikely to be able to live and reproduce successfully without residing for a time in a marine environment.

The normal life history of the pink salmon is for the adults to return from the sea to fresh water spawning streams in the autumn of their second year of life, then die after the eggs are deposited. After hatching, the young salmon soon pass downstream to the ocean and do not return until ready to spawn, two years later.

Numerous attempts have been made to introduce various species of salmon to Lake Superior, but there has never been any permanent survival from these introductions. Apparently, no one ever made intentional efforts to introduce pink salmon to Lake Superior, probably because the success of such a venture had always been considered extremely remote. However, in 1955, three-quarters of a million eyed eggs of pink salmon (which were collected in September from spawning fish in the Skeena River of British Columbia) were brought to the Provincial Fish Hatchery at Port Arthur. About a

half a million of these were subsequently transferred and planted in Goose Creek, a tributary to Hudson Bay in January 1956. The remainder were incubated hatched, and reared to the fingerling stage before being transferred and planted in the same creek in June, 1956.

Inquiry, after several mature pink salmon had appeared in Lake Superior, brought to light that, when the Manager of the Port Arthur Hatchery was cleaning out the troughs after the last of the fingerling shipments had been sent on their way, he collected some three hundred of the two-inch fish which he released into Lake Superior. This was in June of 1956.

Nothing was heard of them until 1959, but they must have reached maturity and spawned successfully in 1957 for the ones taken in 1959 were two years old and were apparently the "grandchildren" of those originally reared and released at Port Arthur.

The next spawning run was expected in 1961, so that autumn a good lookout was kept for them on many of the tributaries considered to be possible spawning streams. In addition, news releases were distributed, alerting the sport and commercial fishermen to the possibilities of catching this newcomer.

In mid-September, anglers caught four pink salmon in the mouth of the Poplar River, Minnesota, and it was estimated that eight or nine spawning pairs were present. Three were also

*Mature pink salmon taken during the spawning run in British Columbia. This species is commonly referred to as the "Hump-Backed Salmon" because of the large hump which develops on the back of the male in the breeding season. Photo by courtesy of the Fisheries Research Board.*



*Eyed eggs of pink salmon bring transferred from Lands and Forest Otter aircraft for planting in Goose Creek. Staff Photo.*





*Pink salmon eyed eggs being planted in artificially prepared gravel redds under two feet of ice, January, 1956. Staff Photo.*

taken in Ontario waters, one by a commercial fisherman in Black Bay on September 3, another in the Nipigon River on September 25 by an angler, and another was collected at the mouth of the Pigeon River by an employee of the Department of Lands and Forests on October 6.

The next spawning run was expected in 1963 and, once again, special efforts were made to determine the extent of the run. Only one confirmed specimen was secured from Ontario waters, but in Minnesota, some 18 individual fish were noted. Nowhere, however, was there any positive evidence of spawning.

And now, what of the future? If any successful spawning did take place in 1963, the resulting salmon should reach spawning age in 1965, but at first sight, the prospects do not seem attractive. No one actually

witnessed any spawning in 1963; there is a suggestion that the fish so far produced were successively smaller, generation by generation.

But I am inclined to feel that we should not write off this series of events as merely curious. Rather, we should be more impressed that only about 300 fish were involved in the original release and that sufficient survival occurred from this small planting to enable some of them to mature and breed two years later. We should also note that the pink salmon is not highly regarded as a sport fish in its native habitat; yet, a substantial proportion of the ones reported taken in Lake Superior were caught by anglers.

Further introductions, involving not a few hundred but perhaps a few million eyed eggs and fry, would be well worth the relatively small cost.



## HUNTING ACCIDENTS

### AREN'T NEW

by D.N. Omand

Supervisor, Wildlife Section  
(Drawings by John Bedington)

One of the most popular folk-singing groups of the day has, in its repertoire, a ballad which relates the sad fate of a young woman named Polly Von. It seems that Polly wandered down to the shore of a nearby lake at dusk one evening. One of her admirers was prowling about in the bushes, armed with bow and arrows, hunting swans. A flash of Polly's white apron caught his eye and a well aimed arrow dispatched her on the spot. "Oh and Alas," he laments, "She'd her apron wrapped about her and I took her for a swan."

If this has a familiar ring to it, it's because something similar happens with depressing frequency. Dusk, a sudden movement, a case of wrong identification—and we have all the ingredients of a hunting accident. Hunting accidents are not necessarily the concomitants of high powered firearms and crowded conditions.

Consider, for instance, the fate of the Apostle St. Thomas. In his book of Travels, Marco Polo relates that the holy man met his death and was buried in a small city south of Madras where he had retired to a monastery. At the time, the countryside thereabouts abounded with peacocks. One day, the Saint was engaged in prayer, surrounded by a number of these brightly plumaged birds. An idolater of the tribe of the Gavi, out on a hunting expedition, failed to see the Apostle among the quarry and loosed an arrow in their general direction. His marksmanship was unfortunately not as good as that of young Polly's lover for he

*"In a thousand pounds of law I find not a  
single ounce of love  
A blind man killed the parson's cow in  
shooting at the dove"*

G. W. Thornbury

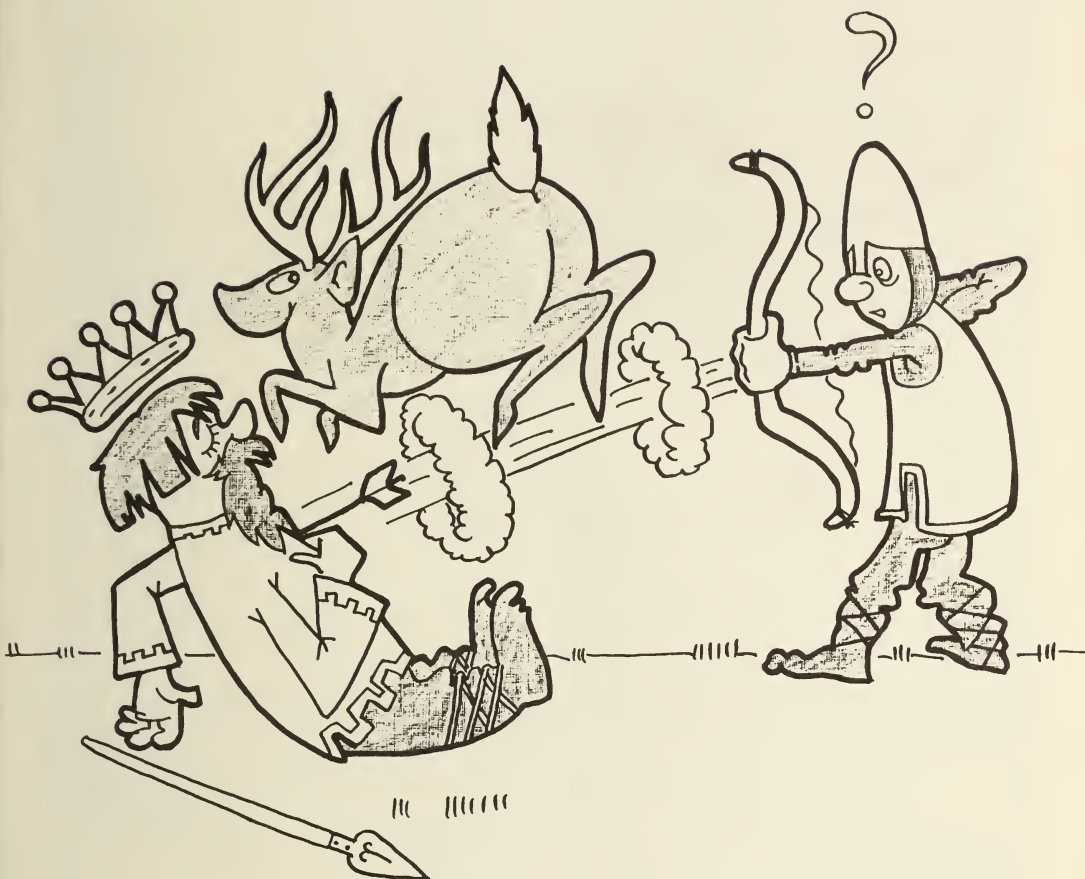
*"The Jester's Sermon"*

missed his mark and fatally wounded St. Thomas. The spot where he died became a centre of pilgrimage for Christians and Saracens alike.

Presuming that the holy man was wearing some sombre garb consistent with a monastic way of life, it is easy to imagine how the huntsman failed to see him. Again, the whole story sounds vaguely familiar. A missed shot, an unseen person in the background—and another statistic.

Another case in point is that of William II of England, remembered in our school history books as William Rufus. William was less than orthodox in his christianity and consistently plundered the lands of the church. As a result, the ecclesiastical chroniclers of his time have given him as the type specimen of a bad king. Thus he appears in the school histories; at least, he did when I went to school. Later historians have decided that, aside from his unfortunate bias against the church, he was a brilliant soldier, a fine administrator and a man of his word.

In any case, he was a keen hunter and went out in the New Forest on August 2nd, 1100. It is generally concluded that one of his favourites, Walter Tirel, loosed an arrow at a stag, missed his aim and killed the king. As one of the early chronicles puts it: "On the morrow after Lammas Day was the King William in hunting from his own men with an arrow off-shot." There have been many elaborations of this stark statement. Walter Tirel promptly fled to France from



*"... with an arrow offshot".*

which point of safety he protested his innocence. No one will ever know whether this was truly a hunting accident for many people profited by William's death, among them brother Henry who succeeded him, the mediaeval church which was relieved of an oppressive ruler, and an over-taxed country.

Many versions of the story indicate

that William was the victim of a ricochet. The arrow glanced off a nearby tree before it hit him. Again, a familiar situation.

Hunting accidents were common in Greek mythology although, in many cases, they could not properly be described as accidents. Artemis, sister of Apollo, was a keen huntress and is usually pictured with a silver bow. She found it convenient to dispose of those who displeased her by turning them into game animals, bears,



“AAAGH!”

stags and so forth, and hunting them down.

Peleus, son of Aeacus, accidentally killed the son of his host with a boar spear while hunting the Calydonian boar, presumably a fairly short range accident.

Hunting accidents are found in legend, fiction and history. True, they may occur more frequently nowa-

days, but they did take place in the days of bows, arrows and hunting spears. We hear more about them now because communications and the reporting system have improved so greatly.

A careless moment, a shot at something not clearly seen, a ricochet—and the victim is just as dead, whether felled by a rock, club, spear, arrow or bullet.





*Two ducks for two hunters. Back Cover: homeward bound. Both photos taken by R. Muckleston on Mitchell's Bay, Lake St. Clair.*







